

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIV. THE KNITTING DONE.

In that same juncture of time when the Fifty-Two awaited their fate, Madame Defarge held darkly ominous council with The Vengeance and Jacques Three of the Revolutionary Jury. Not in the wine-shop did Madame Defarge confer with these ministers, but in the shed of the wood-sawyer, erst a mender of roads. The sawyer himself did not participate in the conference, but abided at a little distance, like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required, or to offer an opinion until invited.

"But our Defarge," said Jacques Three, "is undoubtedly a good Republican? Eh?"

"There is no better," the voluble Vengeance protested in her shrill notes, "in France."

"Peace, little Vengeance," said Madame Defarge, laying her hand with a slight frown on her lieutenant's lips, "hear me speak. My husband, fellow-citizen, is a good Republican and a bold man; he has deserved well of the Republic, and possesses its confidence. But my husband has his weaknesses, and he is so weak as to relent towards this Doctor."

"It is a great pity," croaked Jacques Three, dubiously shaking his head, with his cruel fingers at his hungry mouth; "it is not quite like a good citizen; it is a thing to regret."

"See you," said madame, "I care nothing for this Doctor, I. He may wear his head or lose it, for any interest I have in him; it is all one to me. But, the Evrémonde people are to be exterminated, and the wife and child must follow the husband and father."

"She has a fine head for it," croaked Jacques Three. "I have seen blue eyes and golden hair there, and they looked charming when Samson held them up." Ogre that he was, he spoke like an epicure.

Madame Defarge cast down her eyes, and reflected a little.

"The child also," observed Jacques Three, with a meditative enjoyment of his words, "has golden hair and blue eyes. And we seldom have a child there. It is a pretty sight!"

"In a word," said Madame Defarge, coming out of her short abstraction, "I cannot trust my husband in this matter. Not only do I feel, since last night, that I dare not confide to him the details of my projects; but also I feel that if I delay, there is danger of his giving warning, and then they might escape."

"That must never be," croaked Jacques Three; "no one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day."

"In a word," Madame Defarge went on, "my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation, and I have not his reason for regarding this Doctor with any sensibility. I must act for myself, therefore. Come hither, little citizen."

The wood-sawyer, who held her in the respect, and himself in the submission, of mortal fear, advanced with his hand to his red cap.

"Touching those signals, little citizen," said Madame Defarge, sternly, "that she made to the prisoners; you are ready to bear witness to them this very day?"

"Ay, ay, why not?" cried the sawyer. "Every day, in all weathers, from two to four, always signalling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know, I have seen with my eyes."

He made all manner of gestures while he spoke, as if in incidental imitation of some few of the great diversity of signals that he had never seen.

"Clearly plots," said Jacques Three. "Transparently!"

"There is no doubt of the Jury?" inquired Madame Defarge, letting her eyes turn to him with a gloomy smile.

"Rely upon the patriotic Jury, dear citizeness. I answer for my fellow-Jurymen."

"Now, let me see," said Madame Defarge, pondering again. "Yet once more! Can I spare this Doctor to my husband? I have no feeling either way. Can I spare him?"

"He would count as one head," observed Jacques Three, in a low voice. "We really have not heads enough; it would be a pity, I think."

"He was signalling with her when I saw her," argued Madame Defarge; "I cannot speak of one without the other; and I must not

be silent, and trust the case wholly to him, this little citizen here. For, I am not a bad witness."

The Vengeance and Jacques Three vied with each other in their fervent protestations that she was the most admirable and marvellous of witnesses. The little citizen, not to be outdone, declared her to be a celestial witness.

"He must take his chance," said Madame Defarge. "No; I cannot spare him! You are engaged at three o'clock; you are going to see the batch of to-day executed.—You?"

The question was addressed to the wood-sawyer, who hurriedly replied in the affirmative: seizing the occasion to add that he was the most ardent of Republicans, and that he would be in effect the most desolate of Republicans, if anything prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of smoking his afternoon pipe in the contemplation of the droll national barber. He was so very demonstrative herein, that he might have been suspected (perhaps was, by the dark eyes that looked contemptuously at him out of Madame Defarge's head) of having his small individual fears for his own personal safety, every hour in the day.

"I," said madame, "am equally engaged at the same place. After it is over—say at eight to-night—come you to me, in Saint Antoine, and we will give information against these people at my Section."

The wood-sawyer said he would be proud and flattered to attend the citizeness. The citizeness looking at him, he became embarrassed, evaded her glance as a small dog would have done, retreated among his wood, and hid his confusion over the handle of his saw.

Madame Defarge beckoned the Juryman and The Vengeance a little nearer to the door, and there expounded her further views to them thus:

"She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her."

"What an admirable woman; what an adorable woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, rapturously. "Ah, my cherished!" cried The Vengeance; and embraced her.

"Take you my knitting," said Madame Defarge, placing it in her lieutenant's hands, "and have it ready for me in my usual seat. Keep me my usual chair. Go you there, straight, for there will probably be a greater concourse than usual, to-day."

"I willingly obey the orders of my Chief," said The Vengeance, with alacrity, and kissing her cheek. "You will not be late?"

"I shall be there before the commencement."

"And before the tumbrils arrive. Be sure you are there, my soul," said The Vengeance, calling after her, for she had already turned into the street, "before the tumbrils arrive!"

Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand,

to imply that she heard, and might be relied upon to arrive in good time, and so went through the ~~aud~~, and round the corner of the prison wall. The Vengeance and the Juryman, looking after her as she walked away, were highly appreciative of her fine figure, and her superb moral endowments.

There were many women at that time, upon whom the time laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but, there was not one among them more to be dreaded than this ruthless woman, now taking her way along the streets. Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have heaved her up, under any circumstances. But, imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inveterate hatred of a class, opportunity had developed her into a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her, it had quite gone out of her.

It was nothing to her, that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her, that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan; that was insufficient punishment, because they were her natural enemies and her prey, and as such had no right to live. To appeal to her, was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself. If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to change places with the man who sent her there.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough, in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom, was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist, was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, bare-footed and bare-legged, on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now, when the journey of the travelling coach, at that very moment waiting for the completion of its load, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. It was not merely desirable to avoid overloading the coach, but it was of the highest importance that the time occupied in examining it, and its passengers, should be reduced to the utmost; since their escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there. Finally, he had proposed, after anxious consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty

to leave the city, should leave it at three o'clock in the lightest-wheeled conveyance known to that period. Unencumbered with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and, passing it and preceding it on the road, would order horses in advance, and greatly facilitate its progress during the precious hours of the night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start, had known who it was that Solomon brought, had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense, and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, now drew nearer and nearer to the else-deserted lodging in which they held their consultation.

"Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, or stand, or move, or live; "what do you think of our not starting from this court-yard? Another carriage having already gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you're right. Likewise wot I'll stand by you, right or wrong."

"I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures," said Miss Pross, wildly crying, "that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are *you* capable of forming any plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?"

"Respectin' a future spear o' life, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "I hope so. Respectin' any present use o' this here blessed old head o' mine, I think not. Would you do me the favour, miss, to take notice o' two promises and wows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis?"

"Oh, for gracious sake!" cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, "record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man."

"First," said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage, "them poor things well out o' this, never no more will I do it, never no more!"

"I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher," returned Miss Pross, "that you never will do it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss," returned Jerry, "it shall not be named to you. Second: them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be," said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence—O my poor darlings!"

"I go so far as to say, miss, moreover," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a most alarming tendency to hold forth as from a pulpit—"and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that wot my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time."

"There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man," cried the distracted Miss Pross, "and I hope she finds it answering her expectations."

"Forbid it," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with additional solemnity, additional slowness, and additional tendency to hold forth and hold out, "as anything wot I have ever said or done should be visited on my earnest wishes for them poor creatures now! Forbid it as we shouldn't all flop (if it was anyways convenient) to get 'em out o' this here dismal risk! Forbid it, miss! Wot I say, for—*bid* it!" This was Mr. Cruncher's conclusion after a protracted but vain endeavour to find a better one.

And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If we ever get back to our native land," said Miss Pross, "you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!"

Still, Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here, and were to wait somewhere for me; wouldn't that be best?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

"Where could you wait for me?" asked Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar. Alas, Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away, and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed.

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way, to take me in, near the great cathedral door between the two towers?"

"No, miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men," said Miss Pross, "go to the post-house straight, and make that change."

"I am doubtful," said Mr. Cruncher, hesitating and shaking his head, "about leaving of you, you see. We don't know what may happen."

"Heaven knows we don't," returned Miss Pross, "but have no fear for me. Take me in at the cathedral, at Three o'clock or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think—

not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!"

This exordium, and Miss Pross's two hands in quite agonised entreaty clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two, he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.

The having originated a precaution which was already in course of execution, was a great relief to Miss Pross. The necessity of composing her appearance so that it should attract no special notice in the streets, was another relief. She looked at her watch, and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused and looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By strange stern ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness, of her appearance; but, she too was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer," said Miss Pross, in her breathing. "Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an English-woman."

Madame Defarge looked at her scornfully, but still with something of Miss Pross's own perception that they two were at bay. She saw a tight, hard, wiry woman before her, as Mr. Lorry had seen in the same figure a woman with a strong hand, in the years gone by. She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that

Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy.

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand towards the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner, what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment," said Madame Defarge. "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed-witches," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman; I am your match."

Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these idiomatic remarks in detail; but, she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at naught.

"Woman imbecile and pig-like!" said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I take no answer from you! I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!" This, with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, to the clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her; but, she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross, "I am desperate. I don't care an English Twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"

Thus Miss Pross, with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every rapid sentence, and every rapid sentence a whole breath. Thus Miss Pross, who had never struck a blow in her life.

But, her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible tears into her eyes. This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness. "Ha, ha!" she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth! I address myself to that Doctor." Then she raised her



voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to herself; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary court-yard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, always so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore at her face; but, Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon, Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones, "you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you, I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air, like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of her situation, Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call for fruitless

help. Happily, she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did, in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but, she did go in, and even went near it, to get the bonnet and other things that she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments, to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman. She needed both advantages, for the marks of gripping fingers were deep in her face, and her hair was torn, and her dress (hastily composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge, she dropped the door key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought, what if the key were already taken in a net, what if it were identified, what if the door were opened and the remains discovered, what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder! In the midst of these fluttering thoughts, the escort appeared, took her in, and took her away.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" she asked him.

"The usual noises," Mr. Cruncher replied; and looked surprised by the question and by her aspect.

"I don't hear you," said Miss Pross. "What do you say?"

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said; Miss Pross could not hear him. "So I'll nod my head," thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed, "at all events she'll see that." And she did.

"Is there any noise in the streets now?" asked Miss Pross again, presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.

"I don't hear it."

"Gone deaf in a hour?" said Mr. Cruncher, ruminating, with his mind much disturbed; "wot's come to her?"

"I feel," said Miss Pross, "as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life."

"Blest if she ain't in a queer condition!" said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. "Wot can she have been a takin', to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss?"

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. O, my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts!"

"If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said

Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, "it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear anything else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

### GOOD SAMARITANS.

WOMEN and children under five years old form several hundred thousand more than half the London population. Women and young children, all the world over, are more numerous than men. Wherever they may be, or whatever they may do, they are in man's opinion a peculiar people. Among the clumsiest male stammerers of ignorance, the women move, knowing more than their lords, talking a dozen times as much, but uttering far less of what is in them.

We laugh at the woman's tongue, and wonder when a woman keeps a secret; but every true woman keeps a box of choice reserves for her own private indulgence. The man's mysteries are not hers; if he cannot keep them to himself let him expect them to be blown abroad. Her own secrets of love, of loss, of self-denial, of unsuspected suffering, no woman exposes altogether, even to her nearest friend. There never lived a husband happy in the true love of his wife, who fairly knew all the depths of her mind about him. Every man profits stupidly by the wise little perceptions that arise so quietly and have no utterance except in deeds, of which we vaguely ascribe the fitness to a special faculty called woman's tact. Women, in short, keep to themselves four-fifths of the secrets of society, and do it with a winning air of frankness all their own. A man with a secret will be stony or portentous, or provokingly suggestive; he will keep his mouth shut ostentatiously. A woman is too absolutely secret to set up a public sign over whatever may lie buried in her mind. She gossips, prattles, pours out what she does not care to hold, with such an air of unreserved simplicity that all mankind is mystified, and says, in friendly jest, "A woman only hides what she don't know."

Among the uneducated poor, this difference between the woman and the man is most conspicuous. The innate powers of her sex place her at once upon an eminence which man can only reach by education. She must needs often be tied to one in whom there is not the grain of understanding requisite to the formation of true sympathy. By far the greater number of the wives of unskilled labourers and mechanics live more or less happily, and more or less conscious of the hidden life within them, having such a seal upon their minds and hearts.

Let them fall sick and the truth of this is evident. The sick woman becomes nervously sensitive. Though she may be surrounded with all that a man's wit and wealth and love can furnish, she will generally crave for more and more assurance that her heart's desire for sympathy is satisfied. The child living on love, dependent, under Heaven, for all things from day to day

upon the tenderness of those about it, craves, not less than a woman, for the kind word and the understanding look. Depressed by sickness, either a woman or a child, away from home in the hospital bed, needs, in fact, more than the fine skill and the rough kindness that are abundantly sufficient for a man.

But a child's ailments and diseases often are peculiar to itself. Diseases, also, which are common to the child and the adult, take in the child a peculiar course, require a special habitude of observation, and an extreme vigilance. There might most reasonably be a body of physicians wholly devoted to the treatment of diseases in children. There must reasonably be hospitals devoted specially to such a purpose, and the want of such an institution in London, before the foundation of the Hospital for Sick Children, in Great Ormond-street, was a large hole in our manners as a nation. We are not so civilised as we suppose ourselves to be if, instead of understanding that we ought to maintain in London five such hospitals, we should allow even this one to languish half-supported.

Women have also their peculiar diseases, but for a woman's hospital the demand is not, as for a child's hospital, absolute and urgent. Little children, who should have their threescore years before them, perish by millions because of our great want of understanding, and death sups especially upon the young. But women sicken as men sicken; their obvious peculiarities of constitution require study—special heed to them produces larger understanding of their treatment—but whatever may be done, according to the present average, a woman lives a little longer than a man.

A dozen years ago, the founders of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Young Children observed that of seventy-five public institutions for supplying medical relief to the sick poor, only two very small establishments confined themselves to the treatment of the weaker sex and age. Of women and children under five years old, there were then in London a million and a hundred and fifty thousand; the whole remaining population was only eight hundred thousand. Women and children had, however, equal admission with the men to all the charities. There was, and there is, no hospital or dispensary for men alone. For children, equal rights like this did not supply the full measure of scientific care; for women, as far as concerned science, they were not inadequate. Increase has indeed been made to medical and surgical knowledge by the physicians and surgeon at this very Hospital for Women of which we now speak. Nevertheless, hospitals for women have mainly to rest their claim to support, on the fact that a sick woman requires something more than food and medicine. Particular regard should be had to the ease and solace of her mind.

In a great, general hospital, the natural secretiveness of a woman is increased. She is thrust back upon herself. Although lodged in a ward

which only women occupy, she is where her sex receives only mechanical consideration, and a woman is never more woman-hearted than when lying on a sick-bed. She is treated with kindness and medicine—to the best of human knowledge, the right medicine; but not exactly, to the best of human knowledge, the right form of kindness. She is not tempted to look for the peculiar sympathy she craves, and becomes only the more secretive, speaks with reserve even about the details of her sickness, which must needs be told. But if it is natural for a poor woman to feel most at ease, and therefore to thrive better mentally and bodily, when she receives medical treatment in a hospital wholly designed for the help of women and young children, the relief it is to her to receive surgical treatment in such an establishment must be greater still. Let any lady ask herself whether she would rather, when in peril of her life, lie sick as a person in a general hospital, or as a woman in a hospital for women, and observe how far the choice is determined by her rank, and how far by the nature that she has, in common with the humblest of her sex.

We believe, then, that although there may be resources for the treatment of the diseases peculiar to women in the general hospitals, yet the establishment of special hospitals for women is a matter not so much of "facts and figures" as of feeling. It results not from a calculation of the number of sick women among the poor, great as the number is, but from a consideration of their ways of thought and of the influences they will find most wholesome. If this opinion be right, it will be easy to judge of the working of a Woman's Hospital, and easy to say whether it is doing all its duty.

Twelve years ago, the institution we have named—the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Young Children—was founded by a few kind-hearted people who subscribed a little money among themselves; rented, for five shillings a week, a small room in a back street in a densely peopled part of Marylebone; and opened it as a dispensary for sick women and children—as a place of help for the weak when at their weakest. In the first year nearly four thousand of these feeble sufferers found their way to the dingy little room in search of help, and had it. That such help was wanted, the increasing pressure of those who applied for it, was evidence enough.

The number of patients was too great for the resources of so narrow an establishment. The ground floor of a house was taken. Ladies possessing means and leisure, and the heart to use them well, assisted actively in this endeavour to relieve their poorer sisters and the sick children they cherished. The number asking for relief increased to six or seven thousand in a year. The choice between hunger and toil pressed in its direst form on many of these people. With their flesh pierced by the dart of death, they quivered in their work-rooms, tottered about their labour in the streets, hugged

to their hearts the little creatures depending on their industry for daily life, often concealed the wound from the hard-working husband, upon whom the fall of his household would descend, perhaps, as utter ruin upon earth, or from the idle husband who mocked suffering with drunken gibes. Five times more tedious, five times more hopeless in such homes than in a hospital, is the malady that can receive only a few snatches of attention, that is deepened by privation, overstrained exertion, and the gnawing of a brood of cares which have their nest by the cold hearth.

To join the help of medicine, the comfort of kind words, and gentle human deeds, became the labour of the ladies who associated themselves with the working of this institution. A special fund was established by them for the relief of some of that worldly distress which is the source of sorrow and of sickness, and it is still maintained as a Samaritan Fund in association with the Samaritan Hospital. It is a fund managed by a Committee of Ladies that has its own meetings twice a week within the house upon true woman's business, their study being to maintain to the utmost in all workings of the institution that peculiar sympathy with the sick woman and child which should be the distinctive character of any hospital designed for their especial use. The Committee is composed of Ladies having rank and consideration, and of the energy with which they carry out their undertaking there is evidence in the fact that when, the other day, an active resident matron was removed for a few weeks by sickness from her duty, one of these ladies came herself to reside in the hospital, and gave her time up to the doing of the matron's daily round of work.

But we have not yet finished the story of the past. In the year 'fifty-one the development of this institution had been so rapid that a house was taken for it in Orchard-street, Portman-square, and a few beds were fitted up, so that complete charge might be taken of a few among the many sufferers in need of relief. Last year, when altogether more than sixty thousand women and young children had received help through the endeavour, simply and quietly begun in a poor room, rented at five shillings a week; when the annual number helped had come to be about eight thousand, and the daily counsel of accomplished surgeons and physicians was being freely given to about one hundred and thirty daily applicants; the strength represented by a subscription list had enlarged to about twelve hundred a year—the strength represented by the patronage of men of influence had become great—and, above all, the strength represented by the influence and energy of the Ladies' Committee was at its highest.

The institution then again enlarged its influences. The spacious house now occupied by it in Edward-street, Portman-square, was fitted up as a wholesome, well-appointed hospital. The dining-room (or we should rather say, since the street is one of trade, the place of the shop) is fitted up as a committee-

room, in which the business of the establishment is carried on at periodical meetings. The back parlour, in which the shopkeeper would light his household fire, belongs to the ladies. It is their committee-room, in which they meet every week to decide on the best manner of distributing their own particular fund for the comfort of the afflicted. They follow distressed patients from the hospital to their own homes, and they have regard to wounds that are not open to the surgeon's eye. The drawing-room furniture consists of sick-beds, beside which the skilful physician and the willing nurse strive to recal women sinking under the sore burdens of disease and toil, to cheerful life again.

All the rooms of the house are airy and lofty, specially supplied with ventilation, and no one of them containing more than the four or five beds that can be occupied in it with perfect comfort. They are thus used as havens of rest for the sad women to whom the street-door is freely open. No recommendation from subscriber, no certificate of any kind, is asked from in-patient or out-patient. The utmost need of poverty and sickness is the highest claim to a place among sick inmates of the house. As out-patients, all poor women and children may come, or be brought, showing no more than the real need of help as their sufficient claim upon this institution for obtaining it. Up-stairs there is a well-appointed operating room, where remarkable success has attended one of the most serious operations to which women alone become subject. Down-stairs, with a distinct entrance, there have been specially constructed, waiting-rooms, a dispensary always open, and consulting-rooms, which are crowded on stated days with out-patients.

Besides the gentlemen to whom the hospital is especially indebted for services in these departments, two eminent physicians, and an equally eminent surgeon, give their care to the in-patients: four undertaking to wait in turn on the out-patients. Of course, also, the Ladies' Committee furnishes gratuitous help to distressed women during their confinements, under conditions that exclude mere waste of charity on the improvident. These ladies, in their back parlour, are as glad to receive help in gifts of baby linen, rags, old clothes, and all the miscellanies of which active charity knows the good use, as the gentlemen in the front parlour are glad to have help offered in more current form and substance. That is all matter of course.

We are not preaching a charity sermon for the Samaritans. Our purpose has been simply to show how easily good may be done by those who will but set about doing it actively: also to show that every one among us—the humblest and apparently least influential—has it in his power to make small beginnings that may end in large results. The growth of the subscription of shillings, and the room in a back street, into an institution such as here described, is, indeed, one of many signs of the good heart, energy, and

perseverance of English people, and not only of the English; for they are by nature common to the brotherhood and sisterhood of all mankind.

#### SINCE THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

ONE of the dearest friends I have is pleased to think that he is a staunch Conservative. I say: to think, for in reality he is no more a Tory than I am; but he is a quiet man, and somewhat timorous and shrinking, and much preferring to go without than to ask for things. A Reformer must be always asking for things, and in a pretty loud tone of voice, too. There are some Rights and Liberties which it is expedient not to beg the next gentleman, in a soft tone of voice, to pass, but to stretch our hands boldly across the table, and take. Still my friend fancies himself a Conservative. He deprecates the anarchical tendencies of the age, thinks the people don't want any more Parliamentary Reform; opines that education has done more harm than good to the masses, and that national schools have ruined the breed of domestic servants; he admires the landed proprietary as the best and wisest of mankind, and winces when you reduce the Duke of Grafton's pension and the Duke of St. Albans' falconry sinecure to their abstract merits. He is for Finality; sets up his flagstaff like Constantine's standard-bearer with a "Here we had better remain," and opines, that if the army continues its progress, it must march eventually to the devil. They are perfectly harmless, these sentimental Conservatives, cherishing a generous, chivalrous, merry England, every rood of ground-maintaining-its-man Idea, that seems to be clothed in a blue coat, brass buttons, and top-boots; but it is only an Idea, like the Jacobite and Cavalier figments. Do you think Professor Aytoun would like to meet Grahame of Claverhouse in the flesh? Do you think Prince Charlie was at all "bonny" to the valet who helped him to bed, tipsy, or to the lady favourites whom he kicked and beat? The way in which I usually confute my sentimental Conservative is this. I ask him: "Would you like to have Grampound and Gattton, the Admiralty Droits and the Pension List, the Test and Corporation Acts, and the Penal Laws against the Catholics, thousand-lashes-by-court-martial sentences, the Alien Bill, the Spy system, the Corn Laws, yeomanry butcheries, Lord Eldon's Chancery Court, the Gagging and Sedition Laws, and the suspension of the Habeas Corpus back again? For these were all pure Toryisms in their time, and their removal was deprecated by Tories as conscientious and as honourable as yourself; if they were removed, sentimentalists said, thirty years ago, the tide must inevitably roll onward—and to the deuce of course." No; my friend would not have them back, but he would stop, now. "Insensate," I cry, "shallow man, whose horizon is at the tip of your fine aquiline nose: we cannot stop. We



must obey the Law. Every obstruction, to the minutest point of social life, is Toryism, and its removal is Reform. In sheer shame and craving for a reputation for consistency, the persons who call themselves Tories adhere to certain broad articles of Tory faith in politics, but they vindicate their humanity and common sense by working sedulously for social reforms. The only genuine Tories are the Very Old, who should be tenderly dealt with and left to their harmless reminiscences. The rest I take to be mainly Humbugs or Sentimentalists."

We do not quarrel, my sentimental friend and I, albeit we are both hot of temper and hasty of speech. My adversary cannot argue unless he smokes, and as he never can preserve an incandescent tip to his cigar, a half accomplished angry phrase, such as "Sir, you are imper—," or "Your language is become—," is frequently cut short by a placid request for a light. Moreover, he is given to caressing his moustache and to humming opera tunes; and it is difficult under those circumstances for a man to get very much enraged.

It was recently after one of these discussions that, at home, I took a fair sheet of paper and endeavoured to work out my theory that we cannot stand still—no, not for one instant, no, not any more than can the blood within the veins or the seed within the earth—by jotting down some new Things whose advent I can remember as having taken place "since this old cap was new." It is not such a very long time ago that the cap was new and glossy, and had a glazed peak and a golden band to it. It is not such a very old cap now, though it has seen some service; but it is not the cap it was, and never will be more. I tried to recollect the things to which we have grown so accustomed in our daily lives, and which have become so much necessities of our daily lives, that usance has begotten familiarity, and if that has not bred contempt, has engendered, at least, indifference. And with some reference of retrospect to a paper I wrote eight years since in this periodical's predecessor, called "Things Departed," I taxed my memory to enumerate the things among us, which have been born and grown strong and lusty and become affiliated to our households and are of them now, since this old cap was new. The wonder is, that using them so much, at present, we could ever have done without them. Haven't analogous thoughts ever struck you going over that wonderful Pompeian House in the Crystal Palace? haven't you puzzled yourself almost involuntarily as to how the ancients managed without a Manchester for the spinning of their toga-stuffs, without printing-presses to disseminate the poetical works of Messrs. Ovid, Horace, and Virgil? without steam-engines to pump and heat and carry away the water of the great Thermæ? The best corrective of this uneasy sensation of wonderment is, first, to remember that an Almighty Providence was just as busy two thousand years ago in fitting backs to burdens, tempering winds to shorn lambs, opening doors when others were

shut, and making days sufficient for the evil thereof, as now; and, at a reverent distance of appreciation, to recal the pleasant enumeration of appliances of life which Sydney Smith remembered since *his* old cap was new. Gas, steam, braces, coach-springs, lucifer matches, are all things of which the good canon of St. Paul's had seen the birth and progress; and yet Mr. Pitt lived without them. Sir Isaac wrote the *Principia* without them. Johnson finished the Dictionary, and Sir Joshua painted his deathless portraits without them. Sir Joshua! why he hadn't any megulph, any patent cap-suled colour tubes, any prepared canvas from Winsor and Newton's; yet he managed, somehow, to produce Master Braddock and the Strawberry Girl.

Since this old cap was new, I have seen railways. Huskisson had been killed and George Stephenson had walked over Chat Moss, and with his son had built the great-great-grand-mother of locomotives, the "Rocket;" but there were no London railway termini when this old cap was new. Mr. Perkins's steam coach, a cumbrous yellow concern with the chimney belching black smoke at the rear, a man tugging at the steering apparatus in front, the outsiders clinging on for dear life, and the insides looking from the windows with scared faces—this famous machine grated about the New-road, somewhere between Paddington-green and the Yorkshire Stingo, to the wonderment of mankind and the despair of the commissioners of turnpike trusts. I was reminded, oddly enough, of the steam coach, only yesterday, when I met a huge lumbering Bonassus of a locomotive, dragging some tons of trucks behind it, and staggering in a vacant manner about Agar-street, Strand. It was called, I believe, a Traction Engine, and will, no doubt, be useful in its generation; but it was a sight not to be forgotten to mark the scorn with which a smart Hansom cabman, who was compelled to draw up behind it, surveyed the entire concern from chimney to tender, and the impotent rage with which the monkey in the court suit, who stands on the tripod and fences with his Italian proprietor, and who was then going through his entertainment at the corner of King William-street, gibbered and shook his lean paw at the dusky mass. Perhaps the monkey and the cabman, all unconscious of the impeachment, were Conservatives, and perceived that this exceedingly ugly and awkward Traction Engine meant progress in the rough, after all. For are we not to have side-walk railroads, mid-way railroads, underground railroads, and flying railroad bridges, like the bamboo causeways over Hindoo ghauts, some of these days? There were none of them when this old cap was new. London-bridge, Paddington, King's-cross, Waterloo, Shoreditch stations, existed not. How the world slid into railway life is a marvel of marvels. The world's people woke up one morning and found themselves in a train. A railway language, with a complete grammar, dictionary, and *Gradus ad Parnassum*, seems to start up ready made. Whence came—though Dean Trench would tell

us, I dare say—those strange terms “shunting,” “sidings,” “switches,” “points,” “buffers,” “stokers,” “sleepers,” “brakesmen,” and the like? At what time of day was it that people left off saying half-past twelve, and called the half-hour following noon “twelve thirty?” Who could have been the first sage who devised the model of a first-class carriage? There is, decidedly, originality in the conception of those scroll-like padded partitions and arm rests; yet very slight alterations have taken place in the English railway train since its first appearance, sudden and ready made, like Cinderella’s coach and horses, from the pumpkin. The lamp in the roof, and the rack for sticks and umbrellas, have been added, with some trifles in the way of interior gilding and flower painting; and, when this old cap was new, the second-class carriages on the Great Western Railway were open at the sides, and protected only by leathern curtains, while the third-class carriages, as a rule, were the mere seatless and unsheltered cattle-trucks that still linger on the road from London to Greenwich. Again, it is since this old cap had lost a considerable extent of its bran-newness that railway stations have become galleries of art, and that waiting-rooms, platform walls, and even panels formed in the sides of cuttings, have been decorated with monstrous cartoons having reference, in the most floridly pictorial manner, to the language of the eye—which, so far as its advertising eloquence is concerned, mentions very plainly the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Martin—to food for cattle, perambulators, Arabian bedsteads, Sydenham trousers (which I have yet to learn are true to their name in being constructed of iron and glass), and other ingenious devices of that which was a trade when this old cap was new, but which, fostered by the immortal Warren and the incomparable Rowland, has now grown into an elaborate science—and a very offensive, impertinent science too—tending chiefly to the glorification of impudence and the success of lies. Beyond these particulars, railways seem not much to have altered since the cap was new. The same old by-laws, approved by “Granville” and “Edward Ryan,” stare one in the face in the entrance halls. Our railway companies have not yet been able to manage a decent proportion of smoking-carriages, and the consumer of a cigar is still obliged to go through a process of genteel fraud and elegant bribery and corruption, at the risk of being pounced upon and denounced by a disguised director reading the *Edinburgh Review* in the corner. Hot water cases in first-class carriages in winter are as yet (generally speaking) institutions too subversive for the squeamish nerves of the directors; and, though I suppose improvements have gone on in the engineer’s department till perfection is the result, the engine, with the exception of the huge pair of glass goggles in front of the driver, looks about the same machine as of yore; nor do I hear that railway signals answer much better, or that any important steps have been taken to ensure a proper communication between the guard and the driver since this old cap was new.

Yet the marvels are marvellous, notwithstanding. Since this old cap was new, I have torn down to Brighton by the express in sixty minutes. I have written a column of close “copy” in a coupé; I have been swept over the houses on the Surrey side—a day Asmodeus—and have seen what the good folks of Lambeth and Vauxhall have had for dinner. I have seen a queen making her progress by railway, and judges going circuit, and coffins going to the cemetery, and murderers going to be hanged, likewise per rail. Who takes any account of these wonders? We are used to them; and was it not one of the shrewdest remarks made in his well-known treatise “Stokers and Pokers,” by Sir Francis Head, that when railways were first started, cows and sheep and horses used to scamper away as fast as ever their legs could carry them, at the mere sound of the advancing train, whereas, now, you can’t get the cows off the line; and the dappled dobbies wink lazily, without a whisk of the tail or a lifting of the hoof, as the four o’clock express screams and rushes by! New classes of houses and people, new types of life and character, have sprung up about railway termini since this old cap was new. The guard is a character, with not a single element of the old mail guard in him. He could not sound a horn if he were paid for it. The driver, the stoker, are characters. Watch their steady, anxious faces as they come, “trolling,” as I may call it, into the station. The railway porter is a character, and seems to have been born in velvetene, white at the seams, and to have a hand curved specially, and turned backwards from his wrist, for the reception of surreptitious sixpences. The newspaper boy at the railway station, with his rapid shuffle, keeping pace with the moving train, his astonishing shrill slurring of the names of newspapers, such as *Saturday Review* into “Sarriew,” and *All the Year Round* into “Arryeound;” his arms, which must possess a preternatural faculty of elongation, and so reach to the furthest recesses of carriages from the off window; and his mouth, which appears to contain an inexhaustible supply of small change; this curious, red-comfortered, sharp-spoken youth resembles no other boy that I can remember when this old cap was new. The young lady in the refreshment room is not in the least like the tavern or hotel barmaid; and who will tell me that railway tea or railway soup bears the remotest assimilation to the refreshments under those titles obtained elsewhere? There is something, too, about the whiskers of a station-master, of which the world was not aware when this old cap was new. The odd little streets of low-browed, feverish brick houses, the railway hotels, railway coffee-houses and reading-rooms, that are circumjacent to the termini, have all a peculiar stamp and significance about them. Even railway vans and railway trucks are not the things we recollect long years ago. And yet people used to have vans and trucks, even then.

If you will take any one well-frequented, prosperous street in this metropolis, and ponder and be patient a little, a flood of things, quite

new since the first wearing of that cap of yours, will come upon you. Try and remember a street as you saw it in eighteen twenty-nine, or, as I saw it, in eighteen thirty-nine. What strange novelties eighteen fifty-nine offers to our inspection! Look at the photographs. Could we do without photography now? And yet when the gloss was on the cap we could only go, if we wanted our portraits taken, to the gentleman in Soho or Fitzroy-square, who painted us in oils, with the column, the curtain, or the cut orange on the plate, with an unnatural shirt collar, clothes too new for us, and eyes staring into vacancy. For miniatures, there was the fashionable artist in a shawl dressing-gown and a Turkish cap, who stippled us up in ivory, with pink eyes like a white rabbit or an albino, an elaborate gold chain round our necks, and a highly finished Buhl instand, with a great quill pen to break the dark background on the curiously arabesqued table-cloth. Cheaper performances "in this style" were undertaken by modest practitioners, who dwelt in second floors of the Strand or Oxford-street, and exhibited gold frames full of specimens on the street door; simpering ensigns in scarlet, and languishing ladies with low-necked dresses, evidently copies in water-colours from the Book of Beauty. Photography has swept all these poor mediocre artists away. Some, the better section, have started up again as first class photographers, or find employment in colouring to miniature texture the productions of the sun and lens. Others, the more inferior, take photographs, abominable in quality, for sixpence and a shilling, in vile little slums; Sunday being their great market day: there are legions of people abroad on the Sabbath who have their portraits taken for want of something better to do. Some, the very worst, may have sunk into the touters who stand at the doors in the aforesaid slums, with shilling specimens in their grimy hands, wheedling or bullying the passers-by to come into their masters' murky studios and be libelled on glass. And some, poor wretches, for aught I know, may be picking up sorry crumbs as photographees, sitting as models for the personages in those stereoscopic slides which look so curiously like life, and so hideously unlike it, showing their bleared faces and crinolines and legs, and playing their miserable antics for a penny wage. Most noteworthy feature of the things that have taken possession of London since this old cap was new is this stereoscopic mania. It is very good, I think, to look on marvellous transcripts of nature, to peep through two little holes at a scrap of cardboard, and say: There are the Grands Mulets, there is the Court of Lions, there is the Alameda of Seville, not to have seen which is not to have seen a wonder. There is Mount Hor, there the Mount of Olives, there the church of the Sulpichre, there the place of Job's tribulation—not as painters and poets have imagined them, but in their actual, terrible reality—barren, sunburnt, arid, desolate. See; that little speck among a thousand heads is Queen Victoria. By her side is Eugénie, in a

white bonnet; that little dark streak is the real life-like twist of the moustache of his Imperial Majesty Napoleon III. These are not phantoms; they are real, and the sun cannot lie. It is good, I say, to look into these magic mirrors, and the reflective man may glean many and salutary lessons from them; but how does it stand when we come to photograph humanity tortured into the similitude of an ape, or caricatured into sham angels and sham ghosts? What a cold, pallid glare is thrown by the stereoscope on the deliberate indecencies the knaves have striven to perpetrate. Faugh! take away this miserable wresting of sunbeams, this forcing them to irradiate dust-heaps and sewers.

Not to be denied, however, is this great fact of photography: very potent and various in its usefulness at this time—and all since this old cap was new! It has taken giant strides from its little dim cradle, full of misty shadowings of corpse-like colour, and distorted parts called daguerreotypes. Photography is everywhere now. Our trustiest friends, our most intimate enemies, stare us in the face from collodionised surfaces. Sharp detectives have photographs of criminals of whom they are in search. Foreign police agents speculate upon the expediency of having the portraits of travellers photographed on their passports. People are photographed on their visiting cards, or have tiny albuminised portraits of themselves in the crowns of their hats. There are photographs so minute as to be invisible, save under the microscope. They photograph infants and dead people. I was in Bedlam the other day, and the kind physician showed me an album full of photographs of the mad folks. There was Case XVI., raving in acute mania, hair erect, eyes starting, muscles distorted, mouth convulsed, hands clenched, limbs thrown here and there; and lo! on the opposite page was Case XIV. again, in a lucid interval, clean shaven, prim, demure, with an irreproachable collar, a white neckcloth, and a faultlessly buttoned coat. Could the old mad doctors ever have dreamed of this, among the phantasma of chains, manacles, gags, whips, and whirling chairs, among which they kept the stricken people! What sore and terrible an astonishment photography would have been to them in the days when their old caps and three-cornered hats, their powdered wigs, and golden-headed canes were new. This photography seems an obedient slave, and has never claimed any fierce or arrogant mastery. It has never blown any one up, or rent anybody asunder, or maimed anybody; though a skilful photographer tells me that the art may yet exact such penalties for extreme rashness or dense stupidity. The worst harm it has wreaked has been to stain a few manipulators' finger-tips a little. It is not free from vice: witness those semi-ribald stereoscopes; but it abhors the crimes of violence. My cap is but middle aged, but when it is in truth old, and covers a bald, wrinkled head, what marvels may not have been added to photography! Of course it is in its infancy. Steam, you know, is in its infancy. So is ballooning. So is cotton-spinning ma-



chinery. Crompton's mules and Hargreave's spinning jennies will be preserved as curiosities in museums some day. And we go maundering on about things being in their infancy in this old old world, till our hair falls off and our teeth fall out, and we, too, are in our infancy, and Goody Crossbones comes and tucks us up, and gives us a spoonful of that Daffy's Elixir which lasts us till Trumpet-time.

Gutta-percha is another of the things that have been manifest in street shops, since this old cap was new. We got on very well without it, as the generation that preceded us got on without india-rubber; but, it is the old story over again, and gutta-percha is now a necessary of life. I hope there is a huge underground store of slabs of the material somewhere kept in reserve like the bullion in the Bank cellars, for if the supply were to fail we should soon have to sing the song "It's O! what will become of us! O what shall we do?" Gutta-percha soles for boots and shoes, gutta-percha picture-frames and images, gutta-percha baths, pipkins, vases, oys, cups-and-balls, goblets, life-preservers. And twenty years since, nobody had heard of gutta-percha, or knew where the Gutta-percha Islands (if any) were. Gutta-percha is in immense request for walking-sticks and riding-whips, and, ah! it is strange how very soon mankind become habituated to things that can be turned to a wicked and cruel use. Within eighteen months after the introduction of this useful substance into civilised life, a woman was tried in India for the murder of a child by beating it to death with a gutta-percha whip. *She* had found out the tough, pliant qualities of gutta-percha in a trice—the Jezebel. But it has been turned to nobler purposes, and married to substances as marvellous. See yon dandy who, among the charms at his watch-guard, carries what appears to be a little cylinder of chocolate, with tiny pips or spangles of copper at the summit and base. That is a tiny toy fragment of the Atlantic cable, wire incased and isolated by gutta-percha. Once, twice, the great attempt has failed, but it will be renewed again, and must eventually succeed. The Atlantic cannot suffer the puny British Channel, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean, to laugh her to scorn. The cable must be laid, and gutta-percha and wire safely submerged beneath the roaring waves will tremble at the thoughts of men, and carry from world to world the tidings of the greatest marvel that has been accomplished since the oldest human cap was new.

It would be easy to multiply examples, but who would have the patience to listen to them? Some doctors tell us that we change our corporeality once in every seven years, and that we have not the same bones, muscles, sinews, that we had then. 'Tis as certain that our lives themselves are changed, and in the manner of them different every year, as that the days follow and do not resemble one another. "Where is the life that once I led?" sings madcap Petruchio in the play. Where, indeed, are the lives we have led? We can live

them no more, no, not one iota, one moment, one fractional spark of their time again. I set little store by Fashion and its changes, by the sleeves that were long yesterday having given way to the sleeves that were short thirty years ago. Once the "Lancers" as a dance was fashionable, then it sank into desuetude, then it was revived again, and became doubly fashionable. This chopping and changing and wheeling about, and coming back again to the starting-point, is worthy of Fashion: fashion in dress, diet, reading, and the bowing and scraping customs of society. But this paper would have been written in vain had I not endeavoured to maintain that we see every year and every day, new Things, that are built up on the ruins of the effete and useless past, that suffer opposition for a time, but progress, and wax strong in the land, and ultimately obtain and prevail. Our state is no millennium, Heaven in its justice knows; but every year sees a bad old Thing disappear, and something new and smiling in its place. Not that the new things are perfect. Damp and unseasoned as in their youth they must be, the weeds and fungus and mildew will cover them with lightning rapidity if the greatest vigilance be not displayed. Witness railways, photography, gutta-percha, all attacked by foul parasitical plants almost so soon as they were known. But it is the greatest argument against Finality that few things stand so much in need of Reforming as Reform itself. When there is nothing left to Reform and we have Perfection, not in sentimental theory, but in truthful practice, Conservatives and Radicals may shake hands, for the Millennium will have arrived, and the caps that were old shall be made new again.

### THREE PHASES.

#### PHASE I.

FAR o'er the azure depths, in which the earth  
Reposes now as at its primal birth,  
Imagination takes a daring flight,  
And penetrates to realms remote and bright.  
Thought chases thought, and in the crowded race,  
A bridge of beauty quivers over space;  
An arc created in youth's golden dreams,  
As fragile as the floating web which seems  
A skein unravelled from an Iris-bow,  
To glisten on the summer air below.  
But tho' so fragile, o'er it fancies fly,  
And mock the limits of earth's boundary;  
Within the furnace of the brain they burn,  
And darting upward into space, return  
Bright with attrition of some lustrous sphere,  
Or laden with the treasures gathered there.  
Or some have caught, from wing of astral breeze,  
The mystic whispers of the Pleiades,  
And then, deep-shadowed in youth's glances, dwell  
Those dreamy looks the painter loves so well.  
But other fancies from his teeming brain,  
Fly o'er the void, and ne'er come back again:  
They find within that far ethereal sea,  
Beauty with theirs, in strange affinity;  
A force mysterious lures them to the shore,  
And they are lost to youth for evermore.



But soon these visions mystical depart,  
And Love assumes his throne to rule the heart;  
And tho' a despot, yet his soft control,  
Like sweet bells, chimes within an inner soul.  
Deep, deep within, a bliss he bids arise,  
And all things range themselves in melodies;  
The streams of life to music's murmurs flow,  
And in youth's heart there falls "love's purple glow."  
Then do emotions new exert their might,  
And song translates the language of delight;  
E'en as the sky-lark bathes her soaring wings  
In balmy waves of air, and, ravished, sings  
In wanton joy: so youth, with passion new,  
Sends up his glad notes to the heaven's blue;  
Sends up his wild notes upon pinions strong,  
And scatters happiness in shreds of song.  
Yes, sweetest Eoline, he sings to thee,  
In accents soft as that low melody  
Which evening breezes whisper in the ear  
Of bending reeds, when not a sound is near.

## PHASE II.

Oh man, arise, before thee lies the goal;  
Arise! cast off the lethargy of soul,  
Which poesy and song around thee fling;  
Put by thy trembling lyre, thy harp unstring,  
Bid music cease, and fold thy poet's wing:  
Life is the call.

Thy manhood doth demand a sterner theme  
Than beauteous phantoms of thy early dream;  
Turn thy rapt vision from yon distant star,  
Recall thy mystic thoughts, which wander far,  
For here on teeming earth thy duties are:  
Here stand or fall.

Wring from the stirring world some prize to prove  
That thou art worthy of that higher Love,  
Who dwelleth not for aye in Pathian bowers,  
But gathers riches from the toiling hours,  
And birds his brow with laurels, not with flowers:  
Do thou the same.

Forge on the glowing anvil of the world,  
Some manacle for vice. Thy flag, unfurled,  
Let flutter wide where human energy  
Enrols within its ranks the brave, the free,  
For action is life's noblest poesy,  
And work is fame.

The ceaseless toil of muscle and of mind  
Illumines life, and lights and leads mankind.  
Then, onward ever! and amidst the din,  
With hope and strong heart plunge thou fearless in,  
And Fortune's guerdon thou shalt surely win  
For Eoline.

Then, if thou wilt, in leisure's peaceful hours,  
Find happy solace in thy minstrel powers.  
And oh! when life has borne good fruit for thee,  
How doubly sweet those tender words will be  
Which woo, and win her with their melody,  
And she is thine!

## PHASE III.

Deeply we have quaffed together,  
Passion fervent, love sincere;  
But the chalice is not empty—  
Some hath gone, but much is here.

In vain the world has brought us sorrow,  
You have been my solace true;  
Every wave of adverse fortune  
Hath been bravely stemmed by you.

Ecstasy of joys departed  
Leaves behind no feeble light;  
Chastened love is love augmented—  
There is strength in gentle might.

What tho' now a line of silver  
Glistens in your raven hair?  
In playful mood, with loving finger,  
Time too soon hath placed it there.

At this moment, orange-blossoms  
Midst your tresses seem to twine,  
And their perfume lingers sweetly  
Round the brow of Eoline.

Yet, dear love, 'tis twenty summers  
Crown the term of wedded life,  
And garlands hang all down the vista,  
Placed there by a perfect wife.

## A "REVIVAL" UNDER LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

It is often asserted, in a tone which passes for being profoundly philosophical, that "there is nothing new under the sun." And when believers in human progress express their faith in the destinies marked out for this world by its Creator, and their conviction that, in truth, each sun that rises looks on somewhat new—something that it never looked on before—in as much as it finds mankind advanced, however imperceptibly, some steps on the path of social, moral, and spiritual amelioration, they are generally answered by a reference to some phase of human error and folly, which is found recurring after long intervals, reappearing in the world long after it had been fondly hoped that it was dead and buried, springing up again from some tap-root deep down in the core of the human heart, like those ill weeds which *will* grow again and again, however often lopped off and cut down, until every fibre of their spreading roots shall have been eradicated.

It is never difficult in any department of human affairs to find such instances. But though they are often melancholy and disheartening enough, they are rarely perplexing to those whose faith in human progress is based on an enlightened study of human history. For such students know how oscillating the great onward march has always been, and must ever be—after how many repulses each foot of progress has been won and made good—and how patiently and how often the laggards and the stragglers of the great host must be waited for, and brought back yet once again into the ranks. Nor are these references to long past appearances of error which again revisit the glimpses of the moon, vexing and troubling mankind, always and altogether discouraging or valueless to the cause of progress. They usefully prove and illustrate the operation of law in the moral and spiritual world no less than in the world of physics. They give us opportunities of observing in this sphere also the indissoluble and constant connexion of cause and effect. And such references to past cases of malady, and comparisons of them with present phenomena,

furnish us with not only the best, but the only means of scientifically treating the evil.

And it may be further observed, that the fewer the points of similarity which exist between any two social systems and historical epochs, the more easy will it be to discover the law which rules any phenomena that may be common to both of them. For as this law must of course be sought for by examining the circumstances in which they are like each other, the smaller this area, the less difficult the search. The true causes of an entirely unknown epidemic, which should be found equally prevalent among the inhabitants of these islands and the Esquimaux, would be more readily discoverable by science than those of a malady which confined its attacks to the different nations of civilised Europe.

It was at the beginning of the second quarter of the eighteenth century that a religious movement took place at Paris, the phenomena and scope of which were so singularly similar to those of the exhibitions which have recently been taking place among ourselves, that, though the modern term "Revival" had not then been invented, they are at once recognised as belonging to the same category, and as depending for their outward manifestations on the same principle of physical law. That such manifestations are very far from rare or new, we all know. But, for the reasons given above, it will not be without interest at the present moment to observe the curious identity of the phenomena, while adverting to the very marked difference in most of the features of the social systems amid which they arose.

The age of Louis the Fifteenth in France is understood by the merest tyro in history to have marked the lowest degree of corruption and depravity to which it was possible for a social system to sink, and yet to continue to exist—to continue for a short time—for it could not continue to hold together long, as we know. And in this case, at least, every more careful investigation of the time but confirms the popular notion. We are generally wont also to speak of the eighteenth century as of a period of very generally diffused and avowed infidelity, especially in France. But this ought to be understood to apply chiefly to a later part of the century than that with which we are now concerned. When Louis the Fifteenth was declared, at sixteen years old, to be capable of reigning, in the year 1726, all the world was still orthodox, and prized its orthodoxy so highly, that the quarrel between the two religious parties, into which society was divided, as to which was the more orthodox, occupies a foremost place in the history of the time, and filled a very large space in the thoughts and lives of the French men and women of that day.

The two parties were the Jesuits, or Molinists, as the party was more especially called at that time, from one of the principal expounders of their scheme of doctrine, and the Jansenists. It is, happily, by no means needful to the tolerably clear understanding of the social

position occupied by these parties respectively, to enter on any attempt at an exact account of the theological points and doctrinal niceties which divided these sects of the "invisible and infallible" Roman Catholic Church. We know but too well how great the difference may be "twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." And it will be quite sufficient for our present purpose to understand that the first of the above-named sections of the Church, the Molinists, were in doctrine and tendencies analogous to our High-Church party, and the Jansenists to the Low-Church men. The first assigned a larger place in its scheme to the indispensability of priestly ministrations, and, consequently, to the dignity, authority, power and ascendancy of the priesthood; and more especially of Rome, as the head and fountain of priestly power. The latter went to lengths, which the shrewder worldly wisdom of most of the higher ranks of the hierarchy clearly perceived to be dangerous, in making spiritual communication between man and his Maker a matter of individual competence and consciousness.

Of course the former scheme of doctrine was that most favoured by the ruling powers both in Church and State. Religion, to be useful for state purposes, must be an outward and visible thing. Despotism, however, are apt to find one drawback to the advantages of High-Church Romanism. Although it loves lay despotism much, it loves ecclesiastical despotism more; and, when it is too luxuriantly vigorous, is wont to filch for the profit of its own special master at Rome a larger portion of the lay despot's power, than the latter is, when strong and fearless, willing to tolerate.

Louis the Fourteenth accordingly very strenuously held his own in these matters; and the "liberties of the Gallican Church" were safe in the keeping of a monarch, jealous, energetic, and powerful enough to insist, despite his profound and pious orthodoxy, on being the pope of his own kingdom. But under worthless, indolent, indifferent, superstitious Louis the Fifteenth, things were changed. Ultramontanism became rampant. And the celebrated bull, called, from the first word of it, "Unigenitus," which supported Molinism in all its pretensions against Jansenism, was accepted by the court, its creatures, and the great body of the episcopacy, despite the vigorous resistance of the Jansenists and of the parliament, to which its ultramontanist made it extremely obnoxious. The parliament, however, weaker than the weak court, was compelled to yield, despite protests and remonstrances. France was divided into "constitutionnaires," or those who were in favour of the bull, and "appelants," or those who declared that it was contrary to their conscience to receive it. Much persecution resulted from this state of things. Priests were turned out of their benefices, and many, both priests and laymen, were imprisoned or exiled. Many fled to Utrecht, which became, as the French historian Henri Martin expresses it, a Jansenist

Geneva. The Jansenist party had thus all the energy, strength, and prestige, which persecution never fails to confer. But they had little else. The great and well-known names of the Port-Royal Society, which had so long made head against the Jesuit and ultramontane doctrines and party—the Arnaulds, Nicole, and others—were gone. And Jansenism in the hands of inferior men had undergone the usual fate of sects, kept alive only by the violent stimulus of opposition and persecution.

Things were in this position, when, on the 1st of May, 1727, an ecclesiastic in deacon's orders, of the name of Paris, died in the remote and obscure Faubourg of Saint-Marceau. A violent Jansenist, he had lived a life of ascetic devotion and unbounded charity, having retired to that wretched part of the city in order to spend all his property in relieving the poor. When he had given away nearly all, he bought a stocking-frame, that by the produce of his labour he might still be able to assist others as well as maintain himself. He had made himself remarkable as a very violent "appellant," or opposer of the famous bull, and for these combined reasons had obtained among the inhabitants of the Rue Mouffetard, in which he lived, a high reputation for sanctity. There existed, and I believe there still exists, amid the miserable and squalid houses of the ill-famed Rue Mouffetard, now peopled mainly by the chiffonniers, or rag-pickers of Paris, a small but very ancient little church, dedicated to Saint Médard. And behind this obscure church there was—but, in obedience to sanitary laws, is no longer—a still more obscure little burial-ground. And in this secluded spot the saintly Deacon Paris was buried.

The death of such a man at thirty-seven years of age, hastened as it seems to have been by the privations to which he submitted himself, made of course a considerable sensation in the neighbourhood. And several of the poor and the infirm, whom he had fed, went, in conformity with ordinary Roman Catholic practice, to pray and recite litanies at his tomb.

This tomb, it may be mentioned, seems to have been what is called an altar tomb, large, but not very high, being raised above the surface of the soil about one foot only. And it was on and around this, that in the first instance began those strange scenes which shortly excited the most intense interest throughout all France. As usual in these cases, the great majority of the daily increasing concourse around the saintly deacon's tomb were women, and mostly young women. The ecclesiastics, who "directed" the consciences of these devotees, were continually enlarging on the great ecclesiastical topic of the day, and insisting that the acceptance of the bull was the death-blow to all true religion. "France was abandoned by God to the fatal false teaching of hireling shepherds whose own the sheep were not; these were the 'latter days' in which so many terrible things were to happen; the elect must flee from the wrath to come." The recitals of various cases of persecution on the part of the

government contributed an element of real fact to the excitement thus occasioned. And under these circumstances it was far from strange, or out of the well-known path of ordinary cause and effect, that one day, not long after Deacon Paris's death, one of the girls among the company of fervent devotees around his tomb had an attack of hysterical convulsions.

As little will it surprise any one conversant with the nature of such affections to hear that very shortly other girls began to manifest similar phenomena. The next step was, that these attacks of convulsion were looked for and expected as the consequence of a visit to the deacon's tomb. Of course the result duly followed the expectation. Then, the cry of "A miracle!" was raised; and those most violently convulsed were deemed most acceptable to, and most highly favoured by, Heaven. Nothing more was needed to multiply the number of "convulsionnaires," to excite them to emulation in the violence of their attacks, and to call forth an immense amount of that strange and ill-defined condition of mind, in which good faith and conscious imposture are separated from each other by so very uncertain and often imperceptible a line, and that curious physical condition of the nervous system in which the action of the volition on the body, and of bodily irregularities on the volition, are mixed and confused in a manner which has often baffled science in its endeavours to assign to either action its due share as a causing agent.

Soon, crowds began to assemble to witness the strange things which were reported to take place in the remote little cemetery of Saint-Médard. A morbid vanity and emulation were excited among the devotees. Several girls began to acquire notoriety on account of the superior energy and violence of their convulsive contortions. For some time the practices were confined to prayers addressed to the deceased deacon, to prostrations on his tomb, and to the hysteric convulsions which appeared to result from so doing. But as the attention of all Paris—and, indeed, more or less of all France—became aroused, and as the miraculous nature of these phenomena became a hotly debated party question between the Molinists, who denied it, and the Jansenists, who maintained it, the "convulsionnaires" gradually raised their pretensions, and increased the strangeness and violence of their performances.

Cures began to take place. The deaf, the lame, the blind, the epileptic, were brought to the tomb, and declared themselves cured, or more or less relieved of their infirmities. All Paris was filled with stories, as Voltaire scoffingly puts it, "of deaf people who had heard a word or two, of blind who had received some glimmer of light, and of lameters who for a few steps had walked upright." Testimony to these miracles was, of course, not wanting. Declarations sworn to in due form before judicial authorities by numbers, in almost every class of life, were abundant. The miracles were amply attested, says the same witty scoffer, "by wit-

nesses who had almost seen, because they came with the determination to see." There was, however, *one* class of men whose testimony, when it was invoked, was unanimous in declaring that nothing miraculous in any way, either as regarded the convulsions or the cures, had taken place. And this class was the medical faculty. The formal declaration to this effect, signed by a great number of names, including all the leading physicians in Paris, is given at length in Picart's History of Religious Ceremonies. But, this does not appear to have in the least daunted the great bulk of the Jansenist party. Some few, indeed, of the more enlightened men among them expressed their conviction that the whole thing was a delusion. But the party in general strove vehemently to use the facts and the excitement produced by them as a means of re-acquiring the credit they had been recently losing, and as a weapon against their adversaries. Deacon Paris had been a notoriously violent "appellant," or opposer of the "Unigenitus" bull, which inflicted so fatal a blow on Jansenism. The miracles done at his tomb, therefore, were Heaven's plain declaration of its disapproval of the bull, and its adherence to the Jansenist theology and party. The press teemed with writings on either side, abounding in abuse, threats of the Divine displeasure and vengeance, and theological argument of the usual calibre. There is little worth noting in the productions of either side, save the somewhat curious fact that the Molinist divines did not for the most part assert that the supernatural manifestations had not in truth occurred, but preferred maintaining that they were the work of the Evil One. It was a more professional solution of the difficulty, and had the advantage of enabling them to point out that the entire creed and party of Jansenism was thus shown to be under the especial patronage and protection of the fiend.

From cures, the "convulsionnaires" soon advanced to prophecies; and more than one large collection of these, for the most part, unconnected ravings, was published. Meanwhile, the violence and the scandal of the scenes occurring daily and nightly in the cemetery of Saint-Médard went on increasing. The devotees consisted no longer exclusively of women, though, as might be expected, they were always the majority. But it now began to be announced, by the "convulsionnaires" and their admirers, that the "work of God in them could not be accomplished save by means of suffering." The patients, in the midst of their convulsions, cried aloud for help—"secours;" and persons called "secouristes" were appointed for the purpose of affording it: *were appointed*, for it seems that those afflicted with this insanity and their supporters, from an early stage of the business, had formed themselves into a society. These "secouristes" were generally men, and this share of the business appears to have been the principal part borne in it by the stronger sex. The "secours" were divided into the *little* and the *great* kind. The former consisted in merely

catching the convulsed patients when in danger of falling, in composing their disordered dress, and so forth. The "grands secours" were afforded by supplying in various manners that bodily suffering which was declared to be needful to the completion of God's work in the convulsed patient; and the trustworthy accounts which are extant of the torments thus inflicted, and borne without flinching, form one of the most truly wonderful chapters in the long sad history of human folly and delusion. The wretched women were thrown to the ground and trampled on with the utmost violence. Their faces were stamped on by vigorous men. They were mercilessly beaten with huge oaken clubs. One case is recorded in which as many as twenty men were at once trampling on the prostrate body of a young woman. The unhappy fanatics would call out the while to their executioners to redouble their blows and increase their exertions. In Picart's large work, above referred to, are to be found two plates representing the burial-ground of Saint-Médard during the performances of these eighteenth century revivalists; and the scenes depicted fully confirm the statements of many contemporary witnesses, which have been here condensed.

All that ecclesiastical reprobation and condemnation could do to put down the "convulsionnaires" and their supporters, had been done from an early period of their appearance. But at length, after the now celebrated cemetery had been for four years, with more or less of intermission, the scene of these disorderly doings, the scandal, and even the breach of the public peace, became such that the government thought it necessary to interfere with a strong hand. The lieutenant-general of police, Bertin, who seems to have been a man of sense, had thought ridicule a better arm than violence against such offenders; and when applied to to act against them, he had contented himself with telling them that he would give them a regular license for exhibiting themselves at the fairs. But ridicule to be effective must be general. And the great bulk of Paris, both friends and foes of the revivalists, agreed in regarding the matter in a very serious light.

At length, therefore, on the 27th of January, 1732, the cemetery of Saint-Médard was closed by authority, an act which gave rise to a couplet that has been remembered more generally than the facts of the case it alluded to. On the day following the closing of the cemetery a placard was posted on its gate, with these words:

De par le roi, défense à Dieu,  
De faire miracle en ce lieu.

The closing of the cemetery was, probably, under the circumstances, judicious. But the course of inquisition and persecution on which the government now entered was very much otherwise; and no doubt (as is now recognised to be invariably the case) tended more than anything else to give force and persistency to the delusions which it sought to put an end to. The "convulsionnaires" and their friends, shut out from their wonted trysting-place, con-



tinued their practices in private houses. The influence of Deacon Paris, it was discovered, was by no means necessarily circumscribed to the vicinity of his bodily remains, but followed his faithful devotees wherever they could find a shelter from the perquisitions of the police. It was now found that these fanatics had formed themselves into a regularly organised sect. They had their chiefs, their rules, a certain costume which they wore when engaged in their devotions, and, above all, patrons, who supplied funds for their expenditure. A certain Count Daverne, we find, was sent to the Bastille in 1735 for dissipating his property in supporting the "convulsionnaires." One Guy, a mercer, was condemned to the same punishment for the same cause. The records of a vast number of condemnations to imprisonment, to exile, to the pillory, to confiscation of goods, are still extant. One Carré Montgérón, a member of the parliament, collected in a quarto volume accounts of a great number of the so-called miracles, together with a vast body of attestations to their truth and genuineness, and was mad enough to present this precious history to the king. He was forthwith consigned to the Bastille. But this did not prevent him from adding two more bulky quarto volumes to his work. And he was sent from one prison to another till he died. The most distinguished honours of persecution, however, were reserved for an anonymous Life of the Blessed Deacon Paris. This volume was sent to Rome to be judged and condemned by the highest authority, with all the pomp and circumstance by which Rome seeks to work on the imagination of mankind. A congregation of cardinals, on the 29th of August, 1731, pronounced the greater excommunication against all who should be guilty of reading the work, and, not having the author in their hands, condemned the volume to be burned in a solemn *auto da fe*—to borrow a phrase from the language most conversant with such matters. A vast scaffolding was erected in the open space in front of the convent of La Minerva, on which the cardinals took their seats in solemn state. And in front of this a huge bonfire was prepared. The condemned criminal, represented by his volume, was then brought out, fettered and bound in chains, and was handed to the dean of the sacred college, and by him passed to the grand inquisitor, who, in turn, handed it to the gaoler. The gaoler delivered over the culprit to the provost for execution; the provost consigned it to a soldier of the guard, and he finally placed it in the hands of the executioner. The latter, solemnly raising the corpus delicti high in air, turned slowly to the four points of the compass, then unchained the victim, and tearing leaf from leaf, dipped each severally in a boiling cauldron of pitch, and cast it on the flames.

But neither this solemn farce, nor the utmost efforts of Louis the Fifteenth's police, availed aught towards putting down the "convulsionnaires," or quenching their insane enthusiasm. On the contrary, from the time when they were

driven from the cemetery of Saint-Médard, and when the police commenced a vigorous crusade against them, their fanaticism took a more violent and abominable form. The unhappy victims, who "felt that the Lord's work was being accomplished in them," who "were convinced of sin," and were "seeking for peace," strove to outdo each other in the monstrosity of the tortures to which they submitted themselves; and the accounts which have been left by many contemporary writers of the horrible scenes enacted in the different meeting-houses of the sect would be incredible if they were not confirmed by a multiplicity of testimony.

Here is the statement of an eye-witness, who visited one of the meetings in question, solely from motives of curiosity. It is M. de la Condamine, a man well known in the literary world of that day, who writes; and his letter has been preserved in that amusing mass of gossip which goes under the name of Grimm's correspondence.

"My eyes," says he, "have witnessed what I desired to see. Sister François, aged fifty-five, was in my presence nail'd with four nails to a cross. She remained fixed to it more than three hours. She suffer'd much, especially in the right hand. I saw her shudder and gnash her teeth with agony when the nails were drawn out. Sister Marie, her proselyte, aged twenty-two years, had much difficulty in making up her mind to the task. She wept, and said naively that she was afraid. At last she made up her mind; but she could not bear the fourth nail, which was not entirely driven home. In this state she read the history of Christ's passion aloud. But her strength fail'd her; she nearly fainted; and cried out, 'Take me down, quick!' She remained fixed to the cross for twenty or twenty-five minutes."

Some remained suspended by the feet with the head hanging down; others caused their breasts to be violently wrenched and torn with pincers. This latter was a very favourite mode of martyrdom. One case is recorded by a medical witness, of a girl not twenty-three years old, who received a hundred blows on the stomach from a heavy bludgeon. Her face beamed with joy the while, and she kept crying, "Ah, how good it is! What delight it gives me! My brother, redouble the force of your blows, if you can."

Dr. Morand, physician to the royal army, having obtained admission to a meeting of "convulsionnaires" held in the Rue des Vertus, in the Quartier Saint-Martin, has left an account of what he saw, from which the following is extracted:

Sister Félicité, a young woman of thirty-five years of age, prepared herself in her turn for crucifixion. She said she was about to undergo it for the twenty-first time. Two planks were nailed together in the form of a cross in a horizontal position. She stretched herself upon it. They drove into her hands and her feet, nails five inches long, which penetrated far into the wood. In this condition she conversed with

the bystanders. Shortly after, she demanded that her tongue should be pierced, which was done with the point of a sword. Then she desired that it might be slit; and she was obeyed. Next, a woman of sixty years of age, named in the sect Sister Sion, rolled herself on the ground, pronounced a long unconnected discourse, and prayed ardently. The "papa" (so they called an elderly man who directed the performances) then threw himself on her and trampled all parts of her body, until she said, "Enough." Very soon she cried out "Again!" and the "papa" renewed his trampling with redoubled violence. Then she had convulsions. They next administered to her the "secours of the log." It was a great log of oak-wood, about half a foot in diameter, with which they struck her with the whole swing of their arms again and again. Then she called for the torture of the "press." This consisted in violently compressing the body with straps drawn together with great force. During this horrible compression they kicked her body so violently that the room was shaken by it.

Upon another occasion, when Dr. Morand was present, the police broke in upon the assembly while the "secours" of the log was being administered. On being ordered to cease, the "papa" continued to strike his victim, remarking that "the work of God must be accomplished." Whereupon, he and six women were taken off to the Bastille.

Yet it would seem that idle denizens of the world of fashion, in search of a "sensation," would then, as they have since been seen to frequent as questionable scenes, go to see these revolting exhibitions as to a place of amusement; for, in another account, we read of a victim on the cross, breaking out into violent invective against the rouge worn by a "princess" who entered the room while she was being crucified.

The increasing outrageousness of the fanatics kept pace with the increasing vigilance and violence of the police in its vain efforts to cure a mental malady by bodily pains and penalties. And the police, do what they would, were beaten in the struggle. But the most striking instance of their impotence, and, perhaps, one of the most curious cases on record of the failure of an organised and powerful police to act in opposition to the feelings of a large portion of the public, was seen in the regular appearance of a periodical entitled the *Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques*, which gave a detailed account of these meetings and the scenes enacted at them. Notwithstanding the unlimited power and resources at their command, and despite all their perquisitions unrestrained by any respect for any man's rights or station, the police were never able to discover the authors of this publication, or the place where it was printed, or to stop the regular appearance of it. A great number of persons both clerical and lay were thrown into prison on suspicion of being connected with it; but the *Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques* were written, printed, and distributed, as regularly as

ever. Sometimes it was printed in the country; sometimes in the city; now in the boats on the river; now again between the stacks of wood in the vast wood-yards, by printers disguised as sawyers. It is related that on one occasion, while the lieutenant of police, Hérault, was making a perquisition in a house in the faubourg St. Jacques, in the hope of finding the printing-press of the ubiquitous *Nouvelles*, a number of the sheets wet from the press were thrown into his carriage.

An amusing account is given of the manner in which Paris, when the authors wished it, was placarded with advertisements of their work. A woman, apparently a rag-picker, with one of those large baskets which the chiffonniers of Paris still carry, at her back, and apparently filled with rags, would lean the basket against the wall, as if to rest herself. Immediately, a little child, concealed in the basket, opened a trap contrived in the back of it, applied the previously prepared placard to the wall, shut up the trap again, the rested rag-picker moved on, and the trick was done.

In conclusion, it may be observed that in this case, as in many others of similar character, it was abundantly proved that fanaticism and imposture were mingled in a manner that made it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to separate them, or ascertain the exact proportion of either element. It was, at all events, satisfactorily ascertained, both that in several instances girls were paid to become "convulsionnaires," and that there were persons, mostly ecclesiastics, who gave instructions in the art of becoming such.

For what motive did they thus spend their money, and risk spending the remainder of their lives in the Bastille? Doubtless the answer given by them to their own consciences on this point, was, that it was to secure the ascendancy of their own party, and the consequent glory of God, and maintenance of true religion. Doubtless, too, the answer, strange as it may seem, would have been a sincere one. For, the Jansenists of the eighteenth century were unquestionably as earnest in their religious convictions and practices as the modern "convulsionnaires," whose feats fall short of those of their predecessors, because they are deprived of the invigorating and encouraging stimulus of persecution.

#### THE FOO-CHOW DAILY NEWS.

THE Foo-chow Daily News is a fair example of a Chinese newspaper. It is of about the size and texture of a Bank of England note, only of somewhat greater length, and, perhaps, a trifle narrower. Its copies are multiplied by writers, not by printers—but it has a printed title—and the contents are supplied from a placard daily affixed to the governor's office. The intelligence mainly consists of reports of visits interchanged between the two chief officers of the province, the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor, and of the visitors received by them.

But this Daily News gives also an occasional supplement, on a minute scrap of paper, and the supplement is commonly worth reading.

As a fair specimen of the state of the newspaper press in China, we translate the entire number of the Foo-chow Daily News for the 10th of last March:

"To-day, at the Court of the Governor-General, the following officers reported their arrival: Wei-yin-fang, who had brought prisoners to the capital from Yung-an; Ma-kien-shen and Ping-pien-yuh, who had returned from public business at Chang-chon, and Ko-tson-spin, who had come to announce a victory. Ma-kien-shen also begged for leave of absence. Pien-kin-lan called to pay his parting visit upon going to Yen-ping, to distribute supplies among the troops. To-day the Lieutenant-Governor went out to the temple of the God of Literature, and paid homage by a presentation of broth, pork, mutton, and beef. After offering incense in sacrifice, he returned to his Court, when an officer, Chin-choo-lung, announced his arrival here on special business."

And that is all the newspaper contains. A file of it for half a year may almost be read through at a single breakfast. Looking through the file of it for a month, I, writing in China, translate all that is likely to be read with any interest in England, and interpolate among the news a note or two of explanation. The file is for March, eighteen 'fifty-nine, and we begin with March the first, alias the twenty-seventh day of the first moon of the Emperor Hien-fung's ninth year. On that day,

"The high officials—Viceroy, Lieutenant-Governor, Judge, Treasurer, &c.—met in the Great Hall, called out the malefactors Lin-van-san and others, eight in all" (they had been engaged in a river piracy a few months previously, when they attacked and plundered the Literary Chancellor, on one of his routes), "and, after examination, deputed a military officer respectfully to take the Imperial Command, and drag these eight fellows to the execution-ground outside the north gate, where they were beheaded as a warning to the public. After the execution he restored the Sovereign's warrant to its usual place." The Royal Command here mentioned is a board so inscribed which is lodged in the Governor-General's bureau. All persons found guilty of treason, parricide, murder, piracy, or robbery with violence, may suffer capital punishment by warrant of the production of this board. It sanctions the immediate beheading of the criminal, but requires that the execution be reported for his Majesty's approval. Other sentences of condemnation to death have to be reported before execution.

Next day's paper records that the chief authorities of the city went to pay their respects to the Viceroy and the Lieutenant-Governor, the day being the twenty-eighth of the moon, and the rule being that visits of etiquette are payable whenever the numbers two, three, five, seven, eight, or ten appear in the dates. This happens on eighteen days in a full month. On special business, it is lawful to pay visits on other days.

The day following, our third of March, "being the anniversary of the Empress, wife of the Emperor Kien-lung" (who died a century ago), "with all due honours her funeral tablet was placed in the Great Hall of the Two Governors." On such a day there were to be no more friendly visits, and no private entertainments.

March the Fourth.—An officer reports his return from Chun-chon (a maritime department of the province), whither he had been sent to solicit subscriptions for the public service. This is the mild way of obtaining contributions in addition to the taxes. Next day the chief news was that the Literary Chancellor had taken leave on his departure to the lower departments for the approaching examinations for degrees. And on the next day to that a gentleman, "by donation elevated," otherwise promoted by purchase, reports his arrival from Kian-ning; another prays for leave of absence. Records like these last occur daily. The seventh of March was, by its Chinese computation, one of those dates in which a three, a six, or an eight occurs, and which are, consequently, right days for the receiving of petitions in high places. Therefore our Daily News informs us that "the two Governors deputed a military officer to go out and bring up what petitions had been handed in—four for the Viceroy, two for the Lieutenant-Governor. The Lieutenant-Governor went out to worship at one of the temples, and afterwards proceeded to a tea arbour." Our own Court Circular could not be more explicit. On the eighth of March, two officers waited on the Viceroy to inform him that they were about to lodge a quantity of lead in one of the government storehouses. The government had been deploring the demand of lead for ordnance stores, and the impossibility of finding all that was required. It had been driven to enforce a claim of five per cent on all the lead employed in making tea-chest linings.

Among the departures announced in the paper of the ninth of March was that of a mandarin, to distribute food and wages to the troops about a large neighbouring city. A mandarin also published his thanks for (or advertisement of) permission from the Emperor to wear a peacock's tail. The paper for the tenth of March we have already translated in full. In the next number we read of the anniversary of the demise of another empress, and of the going forth of the Lieutenant-Governor at five o'clock to pay his homage to Heaven at the North Altar, outside the city gates. This is, in fact, the season for adoration by the high official before two altars, a north and a south, dedicated to the Supreme Being alone, under the name of Heaven or the High Ruler. At Pekin the Emperor himself leads in this service. On the day following, the most notable fact was, that forty well-disciplined troops were despatched on service as spies. Then on the thirteenth of March, at a special sitting of the Viceroy's Court, three men were brought up for final examination, ring-leaders in tumult last year, when they moved the people in one part of the city to shut up shop and beset the Viceroy's palace. Sentence



of death was pronounced in the manner already described, and one of the three men was executed. The tumult had been caused by an oppressive demand on the part of government that raised the price of money. The man executed suffered in the neighbourhood of his own shop. The other two were spared for a time, because other riots were anticipated, and it was thought advisable to hold the terrors of another execution or two in reserve.

The leading news for us, next day, is the arrival of a special messenger from Peking, with despatches for the local government. His Majesty being about to celebrate his thirtieth birthday, orders that there shall be special grand examinations for literary honours during the next six or ten months. The date of the messenger's departure from Peking is named, and it appears that he occupied thirty-two days in posting to Foo-chou, a distance of one thousand four hundred miles, or three and a half times the distance between London and Edinburgh.

On the day following there is the demise of another historical empress to be celebrated, and on this day, as occurs with many upon many days during the month, somebody "begs to be released from duty for a while, in consequence of having caught cold." Three officers who have been disgraced are summoned to appear for final examination to-morrow. Also a private literary examination for aspirants is announced as about shortly to take place. To-morrow comes, and the three officers appear. The Lieutenant-Governor goes to the temple of a certain idol to commemorate the birthday of its god. Forthcoming official visits of the high officers to some of the temples are announced. There returns from Peking, next day, an officer who had been sent thither with important letters, and he is entrusted to deliver to the Viceroy the Emperor's autograph in the character "fuh," denoting happiness, or his blessing. The loss of a town to the rebels in this province is, at the same time, reported.

Next day there is nothing but the usual Court Circular, then follows a day of official visits to Gods of Learning, War, Fire, Wind, &c., with announcement of approaching celebration of the birthdays of two mandarins' ladies.

The Queen of Heaven was visited by the Lieutenant-Governor on the twentieth of March, in her own temple, and it was officially announced that in eight days a marriage would take place between the second son of my Lord Chung, and a young lady, Miss E. The Lieutenant-Governor paid his compliments on the twenty-first to the God of Fire, and on the twenty-second visited the God of War, after which he proceeded to the Hall of Examination to examine the essays handed in by several youthful competitors for literary honours. Next day a captain reported his return to the provincial capital with a strong band of Canton troops, employed in putting down some neighbouring bandits.

On the twenty-fourth of March the great event was, that the Viceroy sent a despatch to Peking. On the twenty-fifth a paper handed in

by an aged citizen (name given) was announced to be worthy of consideration; for which reason it had been entrusted to four high officers who were instructed instantly to act on its suggestion. The high officers belonged to the military and commissariat departments, so we may conclude that the suggestions were of ways and means for raising some of the money which these branches of government are at their wits' end to find. Announcement is made of the approaching birthdays of a gentleman and lady mandarin. The twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh were days passed in compliment, a like day was the twenty-eighth of March, when all the officials, civil and military, called to congratulate the lady of His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor upon her birthday. Two days of mere court compliments then again follow, and on the last day of March, at the end of our month's file, the only special news we find is, that the tribute bearers from Loo-choo who are now here, have determined to start for Peking on the eighth of April. There is a small colony of Loo-choos in this city, and the Empress has granted them a fine site for a cemetery in the foreign settlement.

Such is the tenor of provincial news in China, and the feeling of the Chinese public, in as far as one of their provincial papers may be held to represent it.

#### COUNTY GOSSIP.

FOR an unpleasant form of solitary confinement there is nothing like a first-class carriage on a railway, moving slowly through a rural district, a couple of hours after the Express has carried away all the cream of the traffic. At least I thought so, one dull day this last autumn, as I travelled by a stopping train, fifty miles with a sprained ankle propped up on an extempore couch of two walking-sticks and the cushion of the opposite seat, feeling just enough remains of pain to like to be talked to without wanting to talk.

A station seemed to come every five minutes, and I looked anxiously out for some companionable face, but none appeared; the travellers were under the category of "what to avoid": a curate with two chubby school-boys under his charge, and three townsmen, in outrageous costumes, going out shooting, and requiring a whole compartment for their traps.

However, at the Triangle Station, just where the Great Cerberus line enters Greenshire, transfixing it like a hare on a spit, a tall, apple-cheeked, white-haired, active old man, in a broad-brimmed hat, a loose overcoat, and leather leggings, was waiting. He caught my weary eye, and, guided by that freemasonry that exists between the talker and the listener, passed the parson and the shooters, took his seat beside me, and lost no time, but began with—

"Lame, I see, sir. Gout?"

"No, sprained ankle."

"Ah! shooting, I suppose?"



I nodded with a smile that said, "Proceed. I listen!"

"Thought it might be gout, from your look, sir. Excuse me, I have a touch of gout at times myself; but for a sprain there's nothing like a lump of alum, the size of a pigeon's egg, mixed into a froth with the white of an egg and a little salt, on a plate, rubbed into the ankle night and morning. I've cured scores and scores with it; had the receipt thirty years come Christmas, from a famous lady you may have heard of, although she was rather before your time, I guess. Madamasell Dodu, the famous dancer at the Opera, London. She stopped at my house—it was before these railroad times—to luncheon, with another stage-playing lady, and had post-horses on to the Hall. They used to come to visit Lord Cranberry. Lots of them, and very good customers they were—light come light go, you know, sir. Not the present earl. Lord bless you, he's quite a different kind of a gent. It was his father's uncle, Black Dick, as they used to call him; he was a rum 'un—yes, he was." And here the old boy winked furiously.

"I keep the Cranberry Arms," he continued, "and have done better than forty years, and my father before me. Beautiful lady the present Lady Cranberry; this here's a dog of hers, I'm taking to the great vet, Mr. S., in Park-lane, London, to be doctored." And he pulled out of a capacious pocket a little white, flossy-haired, weak-eyed brute, labouring under a decided attack of asthma, from over feeding and want of exercise. 'Charlton,' says her ladyship to me, 'you'll be sure and travel first class with my darling Floss.' So of course I obeyed her ladyship, tho' I fancy in a year or two Lady May won't care much for dogs. Lord, how things are changed from the old lord's times! There's Waxington, just on the hill there, where the famous election was in my father's time, between Lord Halliford and the old Earl Cranberry, each backing his own man. It lasted a month, and the voters could have just what they pleased. I've heard my father say—he was head groom to the earl—that at the earl's head house in Waxington—the Duke of Cumberland's Head—and same at Lord Halliford's—the Old Angel—there was the lawyers sitting with each a bushel measure of guineas before 'em, and the voters were called in and could have just what they liked. Some of the freemen were so saucy, they'd say, 'I can't make up my mind, I'd like to go over to the hall or to the castle for a day or two for fresh air, and have a bit of shooting or fishing.' And there were common stockingers and weavers living on the fat of the land, and smoking and spilling about at Halliford and at Bilberry. Why there were voters, the last few days—it was times when elections lasted a month—that got their houses for their votes. If you walk through the back streets of Waxington you'll see houses with 'Cranberry for ever!' and 'Halliford for ever!' cut deep in the block-stone over the doors. I was in one of them election houses last week, and asked the tenant—he's a cobbler, and works for my nevy the maltster—what he got

for his vote this last time. So he laughs, and says, 'I don't mind telling you as a friend, I got from blue and orange too. Blue give me a sovereign, orange bought my cat for four sovereigns. There she is, a washing her face on the window-sill. He only took her to the end of the street, and let her go, and she was back again in a jiffy. Hope I'll sell her again next election; will have something for my vote if it's only a pint of beer. What's the use,' says he, 'of a vote to a poor man if he can't get summut for it.'"

Here my communicative friend took breath, and the train stopped at Skene station. There was a Stanhope phaeton with a pair of blood bay ponies waiting for the down express, and I remarked that it looked like the Earl of Swansea's turn-out. "So it is," answered Mr. Charlton, with something of the manner of an old hound hitting off the scent after a cheek. "You have seen him often, I suppose, up in London. Don't he look vicious behind them long yellow moustaches of his, sitting bolt upright, and cussing and swearing at his soldiers when they don't exactly drill to his mind? I've known him this many year, before he came to the title, when he used to come shooting to the earl's. I was gamekeeper before my father died. Awful man to go on, is Lord Swansea; but he isn't half a bad sort to his farmers and the poor people, although he is a temper and no mistake. He's not unlike the Black Earl when his monkey's up; but then Black Dick, though he kept open house, and flung half-crowns and guineas about, never thought of building schools or doing up churches like Lord Swansea. Yes; he's a capital landlord, and will do anything his farmers want in building or draining, and such-like, if they don't contradict him about game or politics. Did you ever hear that story about his lordship's bringing the band of his regiment down to Skene Park?"

Well, no; I had heard many stories about Swansea's peace and war campaigns, and adventures with the law and the sword, but not the band story.

"Why, you see his lordship was going to have the Duke of Frankfort, or some such name—a German royal duke—to visit him, and he wanted to have his regiment's band during the week, besides battues, and a breakfast meet, and no end of shines; but he was afraid his tenants' daughters might get too fond of these fine fellows in their pink and gold regimentals, for he was obliged to lodge them in the farm-houses. My house was full of servants and grooms, greater swells than their masters. So what does he do, but sends for all the tenants to the hall, gives them a feed, and tells what he was going to have, and offers to pay the expenses for sending their wives and daughters on a trip for a week to the sea, or wherever they liked. Well, of course, the most of them were willing enough, and away went a whole train of girls with their mothers from the Skene parish—such a lark! You see he was determined, if his soldiers made any sore hearts, it should not be in his parish.

They talk of it to this day, and when a wife wants a sea-side trip, they say 'we must wait for the Band.' My lord would like to be popular—not like Black Dick who didn't care a hang for any one—but his unlucky temper won't let him. I remember, as it was yesterday, when he was standing for Greenshire, the first time when he was Lord Blareton, before he came to the title—he was only a captain then—his own committee nearly pitched him out of the window. It was the first day's polling, and my lord being quite safe, they put all their strength on Mr. Trysdale, to get in two blues if they could. The chairman of the head committee was Squire Vavaser, just the very opposite to my lord, except that he was about the same height. My lord was, as he is now, as thin as a whipping-post; the squire was stout and big every way, with a shoulder like a leg of mutton. My lord's pale London face was covered with light hair and curls, the squire's face was smooth, close-shaved, of a brown, red colour, like a ripe pear on a southern wall, and his dark hair was cropped close. My lord was a dandy in his dress, all rings and chains; the squire looked the squire, in his frilled shirt and brown cutaway, with the Hunt Club buttons.

I had just ridden over with a copy of the returns of the first day's poll: they showed Mr. Trysdale a score of votes ahead. The chairman had scarcely read the numbers, when tramp, tramp, jingle, jingle, up the stairs at a run, and in burst my lord, in a white rage, with another copy of the returns in his hand. He turns round, locks the door, puts the key in his pocket, and cries out, 'What the *blank blank* is the meaning of this?' Mr. Vavaser stood up in a minute to his full length, and, waving his hand to the committee, said, very slow and fierce, 'Gentlemen, I beg you not to say one word.' Then, and I thought his voice trembled a bit with passion, 'Lord Blareton, take that key out of your pocket, and unlock that door.' Young Sir Francis Preston was opening his mouth. 'Not a word,' said the squire, as fierce as a bull. 'Lord Blareton,'—this time it was a breath deeper, and slower, and fiercer—'unlock that door!'

'His lordship looked like a great rat in a corner, and stared at the old squire, but the old squire looked him down as they look down a madman; then slowly, with a shaking hand, and grinding his teeth, he put the key in the lock, and turned it, while you might hear a pin drop.

'Says the squire, very hard and cold, 'Your lordship is perfectly safe, but you must let us manage this business our own way. I must ask you to retire.'

'His lordship, quite beat, in a shaking voice, says, 'Is that so?'

'Mr. Vavaser just bows a yes, and waves him out of the room like a king, and my lord goes tramp, tramp, jingle, jingle, with his long spurs, slowly down the stairs, jumped into his carriage, and *blessed* the postboys above a bit all the way to the park, because they didn't drive fast enough, and they did the six miles in twenty minutes. After he gets to the park, he says to his valet, 'Give the *blank* scoundrels a couple

of guineas.' Crooked Billy that's now on the omnibus told my nevy all about it himself. That's about the only time he ever was matched in this county. But for all he's such an awful temper, he's uncommon good to the poor, and makes the farmers very wild with the wages he gives to all the labourers in the home farm and park.'

After this bit of county history, like Oliver Twist, wanting more, I presented him with a Regalia cigar good enough for a President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, which he sucked with immense zest, and asked him if he knew Sir Peter de Rawley, until lately, M.P. for Greenshire.

'Should think I did; knew Sir Peter in his best days, when he hunted six days a week and went to church on Sundays in buckskins and top-boots. Fine-spoken gentleman, of the old blood, Sir Peter; as different from Lord Swansea as chalk from cheese. They tell me they've lived at Rawley a matter of five hundred years. Shouldn't think Sir Peter was ever out of temper in his life, except about the Reform Bill and that Free Trade business. He don't like no improvements except in stock and blood horses; couldn't abide roads, much less railroads. I mind the farmers wanting a presentment for a road from Rawley parish past his park; and one of 'em—Farmer Vackel it was—said something about a gig. 'Gig,' says he, 'what does a farmer want with wheels? I always go on a hack; so did my father and my grandfather, and I'll have no roads to encourage a parcel of cockney farmers.' And didn't he fight against the railroad. But he travels by it now, and has taken to trousers, and I seen him in a brougham actually last summer; but then he's over eighty, and there's none of his old friends to keep him in heart in Greenshire. Most of the old sort are dead. One of the last was old Colonel Kidthorpe—not so old either; but I mind once the colonel was telling Sir Peter that he would allow no steam-engines to be put up on his estate, called them d—d free-trading, cotton-spinning humbug. 'Quite right, colonel,' says Sir Peter—'quite right; but, colonel, I think a little better stock would do your Oxbridge farmers no harm,' for Sir Peter's Short-horn herd is known all over the world. 'I tell you what, Sir Peter,' says the colonel, 'if you live another ten years I'm—blessed'—he swore awful did the colonel—'but you'll be a radical, for the Short-horn is a regular radical beast. The long horn is the genuine old Tory.' And then they ha-ha-ha'd! till it did your heart good to hear 'em. It was that same time, at the dinner of the Greenshire Agricultural Society, that Sir Peter, when his health was drunk, was obliged to make a speech, which was always hard work for him. I think he began and told 'em he ought to know something about the county, for he'd been on every hedge and in every ditch in the county, but he wound 'em up with saying that it was all very fine what Professor Waddler—a visitor—had been telling them about guano and such foreign things, but for his part he thought there was nothing like *muck*. How they roared

and cheered him; just the speech for them. But, after all, I heard from Sir Peter's own bailiff that he ordered a ton of guano the very year he left off his leathers and took to travelling by railway. I've heard say that his forefathers were terrible radicals in the old times; were against King Charles in the oak, and all that. Last year the workmen were pulling down a party wall of the old house; they found a curiosity, and Mr. Reginald, that's his eldest son, who's as fond of a joke as Sir Peter, comes running to him, crying, 'Father, we've found the bones of your greatest enemy.' And, when he came to look, it was a printing-press, what they used to print songs and speeches against King Charles or King James, I don't rightly know which, that had been built up for fear of the officers finding it. 'For,' says Mr. Reginald, 'that's the father of the Reform Bills and Railways and Free Traders.' Sir Peter sticks to his thorough-bred hacks and his snaffle bridle. It's a pity he ever gave up the leathers, but he's a picture still, with his Duke of Wellington face and short sent, in Rotten-row; better on his horse than half the young dandies."

This warm sketch of Sir Peter, who has long been one of my favourite studies, for I look on him and Sir Wharton Dyke as the last of the Romans, or, rather, last of the squires, born, bred, and fashioned in the pre-scientific age, led me to ask my colloquial friend if he remembered another of my early objects of admiration, Lord Battlethorpe, or, properly, Earl Benthorpe, although every one loves to remember him by his parliamentary title.

"Ah, don't I? wasn't his a pleasant face and a pleasant way? Why, every man, woman, and child in Greenshire loved him, in spite of his awful politics. We are blue, you know—all the Cranberrys are blue—and the Battlethorpe family is orange. I mind him as if it was yesterday, when Parliament was up, riding into Roddington on market day on a big bay, white-legged hunter, in his broad-brimmed hat and blue coat, with gilt buttons, and wide flap buff waistcoat, white cords, and tops just wrinkled down a little, not on purpose, but because he forgot to button them up, showing the silk stockings between; and, but for that silk stocking, just like any other of our great grazier farmers, but they hadn't his pleasant manner. Lord, what a sacrifice to shut such a trump as that up in the hot Parliament House! he that liked gossiping in the market-place, tasting and blowing samples of wheat, and handling a fat bullock, and never so happy as when hallooing the fox-hounds; and he could halloo, too, like an organ. But he must have been fond of his book too, for he always had one in his pocket. Curious his simple ways, for his father, the earl, was a great gentleman. Never stirred without his coach and four and outriders, kept up a house full of servants, and was so stiff, and grand, and stately, although a kind heart, like all the Battlethorpes. But when he died he left, they say, what with elections and open house, as much as a quarter of a million on the estates. Lord Battlethorpe, as soon as he came to be

earl, made up his mind to clear the property. He pensions off the old servants, sells the carriage horses, gives all the deer away, fills the park with good Short-horns and Herefords, and when he wants to go to Roddington, just walks, or rides with a coat strapped before him, or drives in an old-fashioned gig in very bad weather. Once or twice a year, at his shooting parties or the agricultural meetings, he would do the thing in style, and bring out the famous old port from the Battlethorpe cellars. And this way, before he died, he managed to pay off the whole two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and the present young lord, his nephew, has it clear. Poor dear man, he was gouty, and he thought he could starve the gout out; so he took to dining off a finger biscuit and a cup of coffee and a cigar, and so we lost him. The gout won't stand none of that nonsense. I say feed it, and pour in a stiff glass of brandy and water pretty often. The poor lost a good friend when he died, for none deserving ever went away empty-handed, nor sad either, if he could help it. After, his brother came next, quite a different style of man, rather starved—he'd been so long at court. He sold most of the live stock, and lived mostly in town or at the sea. We knew nothing of him except at election times; but now he's gone, and the young earl seems to take after his uncle, although he does not feature him, and, lord, what a beautiful lady he's married lately! it's a pleasure to see them, they're as fond and good to the poor as Lord Battlethorpe.

"But it's curious, now, that there were two others of our squires brought up at Battlethorpe Hall—leastways, one was a real squire, and the other, though very rich, was more of a farmer's son—turned out quite different. I remember how Lord Battlethorpe and Squire George Rance, and Squire Harrybrow, were all brought up in the same house, same tutors and everything; for the old earl was left guardian to Squire George Rance and young Harrybrow, and brought them up with the same tutors to provide for them when Lord Battlethorpe went to college. Lord Battlethorpe was a great Parliament man, and wrote in books, and hunted the hounds almost as well as a huntsman, and was a better judge of a Short-horn than most of the farmers, though he was heir to sixty thousand a year; and these two young squires—they ain't young now—rode hard, and drank hard, but knew nothing above hunting the hounds, and couldn't say Bo! at an election dinner. They run through everything—that is, George Rance has lived on his wits any time this ten years, after getting rid of a hundred thousand pounds ready money, and as pretty an estate as any in Greenshire of ten thousand a year. Harrybrow—his uncle was a rich skinflint farmer—was the first gentleman of his family, and he had the luck to marry a sensible wife before his estate was quite gone. I don't know whether you're a married man, sir, but in my notion a wife is the making or the spoiling of many a gentleman.

"Talking of education, you saw that ivy-covered



old house as you drove from Roddington to Rayham: that's Sir Bickham Bickham's. His father was a queer old fish, married late, and never would allow his two boys to go to school or see any other lads of their own age. At fourteen and fifteen they wore pinafores, and stood before him sucking their thumbs—regular softies—couldn't have a fish, or a shoot, or anything. Well, of course, one day the old one died, and the eldest—the late Sir Bickham—tumbled into a fine income. He went crazy-like, ran into a sort of low stupidity, got drunk with his grooms at little public-houses, had the soldiers and their wives to dance at the Hall, within twelve months was regularly used up, and cut his throat in a fit of delirium trem. And his brother, the present Rufus Bickham, would not have been much better, only that he had the good luck to fall in love and marry a poor parson's pretty daughter, and she has kept him straight and polished him a bit. But he's only a molly-coddle after all.

"Now these stories beat me. Lord Battlethorpe, and Mr. George Rance, and Mr. Harrybrow, were brought up exactly the same—same tutors, same books. The young lord—for he was young once—turns out an honour and a credit to his family and his county. George Rance, the most delightful man to man, woman, and child, spends his money, and is little better than a poor outside leg, not even got a square place among the blacks of the betting-ring; while Harrybrow brings his noble to ninepence, and crawls about the wreck of a man, with just enough to keep a house over his head. Because Harrybrow's father was a grazier, they say 'he was bad bred,' but then that won't do, for beside Mr. Rance, there's young Lord Rosemount, the great statesman, Lord Uppercrust's stepson, and Lord Cantilver, the nephew of the Duke of Cheviot, both brought up with everything that books and tutoring and parsons could do, and both went to the turf and the dogs before they were five-and-twenty. These young bloods are like their favourite race-horses—no matter how they are bred, or fed, or trained, they may cost thousands, and after all not be worth twopence."

Here my friend paused, and puffed away steadily at his cigar for a minute or so while we whirled through a tunnel, but on my asking if we were not in Lord Wichwode's country, he started with, "Know Lord Wichwode, eh? What a fine man he used to be five-and-twenty years ago! he and his brother, the Honourable William, like twins, always together, and so fond of each other, always hunting and shooting and larking together. I mind my lord sending me to fetch a Dutch pug-dog he'd bought, a nasty, ugly brute, good for nought, he gave ten pounds for. Mr. William, he was a nice-tempered young fellow; my lord was always rather hot. But, then, again, by the rule of contraries, it was

marrying that parted these brothers. My lord married Lord Flytington's sister, poor as Job, and proud as Lucifer, as all the Flytingtons are, except the young captain that wouldn't go to the Crimea because he'd such a good book on the Leger. Mr. William, he married the rich Miss Lozena, with half a million they say, and a beauty, too. Well, Mr. William has a family and sons; Lord Wichwode has no children, and the beauty with blood turns up her nose at the beauty with money and no blood, and there are these two fond brothers at each other like bull-terriers. My lord's a Conservative—Mr. William turned Radical to vex him. My lord wants to sell a few miles of streets, and buy land close to Wichwode—Mr. William goes to the Lord Chancellor and stops him; and then my lord is in such a fury that the next day, when his hounds lost the fox, he laid his malacca crop across his huntsman, and the huntsman takes his coat off and offers to fight him, and my lord has to give in there, too, and swears awful. So, whether a lot of money and land is a curse or a blessing, it's difficult to say. There's young Earl of Cranberry and old Sir Peter Rawley as happy as the day is long, both of them; and there's the Earl of Swansea and Lord Wichwode, what our parson calls in his joking way, 'miserable sinners.'

"I tell you what, sir, every man to his taste, but give me a snug farm-house, with about five hundred acres of good land, in Greenshire—none of your nasty cold clay counties, with little fields you can hop across—under such a landlord as poor dear Lord Battlethorpe, with a good nag in my stable, and about half a pipe of old port in my cellar, and I wouldn't envy any parson, or lord, or duke either.

"Believe me, I called last year on Squire Jobs—him that was a banker and was worth millions and millions, and bought up every bit of land that was for sale in the county—and if he was not busy mending an old gig harness with a bit of string, and blowing up the butcher for not sending 'his chop good weight!' And his servants were on board wages! What was the use of money to him, poor old creature?"

Here the whirr of the breaks, and the cry of "Tickets! tickets!" finally stopped the county gossip, and as soon as we had collected our impediments, he went off in a Hansom with her ladyship's pet.

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